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"HIS Letter"

Drawn in Pastel Especially for this Page by Carl Link

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Each garment is beautifully made and finished. Before it is finally awarded the WEARPLEDGE label, it is passed upon by a Committee of Women, who judge each detail, and censure each fault.

A "Live" Leather Belt (non-removable) is attached to each suit, and a souvenir follows each purchase.

Is it any wonder then that WEARPLEDGE presents "THE CLOTHES IRRESISTIBLE" for little men the world over?

THE WEARPLEDGE CLOTHIER WILL TELL YOU HOW TO GET THE SOUVENIR, AND GIVE YOU A COPY OF THE LITTLE WEARPLEDGE GRAY BOOK.

THE BAUMAN CLOTHING CORPORATION
110 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPARTMENT Z, NEW YORK CITY

AT ALL LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

Working Girl By Day—Fashionable Society Belle By Night

How Miss Adelaide Sedgwick of New York's Most Aristocratic Circle Has Overturned All Its Traditions to Earn the Money to Buy the Pretty and Expensive Dresses She Needs to Compete with Her Smart Girl Friends

© MARCEAU

Miss Maude Kahn, One of Miss Sedgwick's Fashionable Friends by Night and Fashionable Customers by Day.

"Oft during the dull working day she strengthens her resolution, perhaps, with visions of the pleasures of the night—the gay dances, the congenial friends, the whole pleasant butterfly whirl."

Miss Sedgwick Going to Work in the Early Morning with Miss Marion Tiffany out for an Equally Early Stroll.

© Bine Dupont

Miss Adelaide Sedgwick, the Fashionable Society Beauty, Who Has Gone to Work for Her Dresses.

MISS ADELAIDE SEDGWICK, the younger daughter of the fashionable Mrs. Harry Sedgwick of Lenox and New York, is the first young woman of the ultra-aristocratic class of America to become an honest-to-goodness working girl. Miss Sedgwick, driven by the shrinking fortunes of her family and loth to give up her fashionable amusements, has gone to work to provide herself with the dresses and other equipment necessary to compete in these amusements with her very smart girl friends.

She is most literally a working girl by day and a fashionable society belle by night. Formerly when a maid of this highest social stratum lost her money and had to toil for a living, society dropped her, but the war and other things have changed society's attitude in this respect.

Frankly, though, even Miss Sedgwick's close friends were amazed to hear that she had taken a place as designer of gowns and hats, and when the necessity arises, as saleswoman in a smart Fifth avenue shop. Of course, society has known for a long time that the fortunes of the Sedgwick family had been steadily decreasing, but no one realized just how seriously the great war had encroached on Mrs. Sedgwick's income. Her daughter, however, fully realized it and would have taken a job two or three years ago, but her mother begged her to wait until she had made her debut and had enjoyed at least one season out.

Then there is always the hope in every mother's breast of a rich and speedy marriage. But Adelaide did not marry in her first season. Then the war came on and she went to France as a war worker. This solved her problem for a time, but the armistice brought her home to face all the complications encountered when one tries to make one dollar do the work of fifty. For several months she designed dresses and pretty lampshades and feminine knicknacks, but a few weeks ago she decided that she needed more money than such amateur work brought her, and off she went to get a money-making job in an honest-to-goodness shop.

Of course, society gasped—a way society has even in these modern days—for, after all, being a Sedgwick means a great deal socially. Whole towns in New England have been named for the early members of the family, who came to America with the Puritans, or Pilgrim Fathers, and to be a Sedgwick in New York, Newport and Lenox has always meant wealth and all that goes with it. The idea of a Sedgwick going out to work every morning at 9 o'clock, punching a time clock and getting a pay envelope every week did not fit in with society's ideas.

Oh, the questions that were asked the pretty girl! For Miss Sedgwick really is very pretty and attractive, with large blue eyes, chestnut hair and lovely pink and white cheeks.

The first question her friends asked was, "But why do you do it? You can stay home and live quietly."

And her answer was, "I do it because I need the money. I am tired of making over clothes and struggling to keep up appearances. I am a modern girl, and the war taught me that I am happier when doing real, honest work. And, anyway, it's the only way I can make money."

Miss Sedgwick has the correct modern philosophy. To her mind there is something stultifying in living on her mother's depleted income and doing odd jobs for her friends. She appreciates the dignity of labor, the satisfaction of doing a big job in a big, fearless way, and her first payday was the happiest day of her life. She says it was, anyway!

Society's second question found a ready answer. "Do you expect to drop all your friends, cut out all social life and lead a humdrum, workaday life."

"No, indeed. I shall accept every dinner and evening invitation I like, I can't go to lunches and teas, but they are awful bores, anyway." Then she added. "By keeping myself physically fit I shall be able to keep my job and have a good time in the bargain."

This last is also very modern. The girl who does not keep herself fit for her job never gets very far ahead. And Miss Sedgwick has gone into her work very seriously. She intends to make good as a saleswoman and later start in business for herself, and with it all she intends to keep up all her butterfly life.

It will be hard, she knows, to stand on her patrician feet for eight hours a day, trying dainty garments on her friends and perhaps captious other customers, then hurry home along Fifth avenue at its most crowded hour, bathe and dress for a gay dinner, a dance or the opera, return home at midnight and then get up not later than 7 o'clock the next morning. But one look at her determined red lips would tell O. Henry himself that she is capable of doing this and more. She won a French war decoration because of this same determination to fight big odds.

Wealth and poverty are comparative terms. Miss Sedgwick, having a wealthy background and many friends of wealth and position, is considered wealthy herself by her companions in the shop, but to society the Sedgwick income is so infinitesimal that it spells dire poverty. There is nothing more soul-destroying than having to squeeze a penny until the eagle dances; to be unable to pay one's share of social courtesies; not to have some of the pretties that every girl loves. Of course, Mrs. Sedgwick, being of the older, more conservative generation, refused in the beginning to let Adelaide have her own way. She suggested that they might spend their lives in the old home in Lenox, where they would not need new clothes nor to entertain.

But Adelaide said "No." The old-fashioned theory of girls sitting at home, making over their clothes, retrimming last year's hats with the aid of dyes and doing without decent shoes and furs was all wrong. "I would rather," Adelaide has said more than once, "have one new dress a season and pay for it than make over six out of the old clothes packed away in the Lenox garret."

The Sedgwick family has a wonderful coat of arms and centuries old motto, but Adelaide has adopted some new ones. The crest is a neat little pay envelope bulging with new green bills, and the motto is, "Make money and spend it."

Undoubtedly her father, the late Harry Sedgwick, would have cut Adelaide off with a shilling if he were alive to-day. A working girl in the family would have been such a blow to his pride! And there is no doubt that the dignified Mrs. Robert Sedgwick and her aristocratic husband have taken their niece's action very much to heart.

It is not fair to give away state secrets, and one's weekly wage is the most secret of all secrets, so Miss Sedgwick preserves a canny silence on this subject. It is known, however, that she draws a good salary and "pulls down" a fine commission on every customer she draws to her shop. Which is one reason why Miss Marion Tiffany and others of her many friends are shopping madly.

To tell a wee bit of a secret, it was really Miss Tiffany who persuaded Miss Sedgwick to take this particular job. Being a granddaughter of the late Theodore Havemeyer, she has a nice sense of business, and during the months that Miss Sedgwick was sewing her fingers off making things at home, friend Marion urged her to strike out and go after real money.

In the end her advice was taken, and now Miss Tiffany gathers her friends together and steers them in bunches into Miss Sedgwick's shop and arms. In the beginning they all made a party of it and giggled and gossiped over each article tried on, but suddenly the shoppers found that Friend Adelaide was one person from 9 to 5, with an hour off for lunch, and a very different somebody after punching the time clock on her way out at 5.

They found that she seriously intended to keep business and pleasure on two distinct levels, else, naturally, she would not make good as a high-priced "saleslady." Just how is it going to be humanly possible for one highly bred girl to lead a dual life? Society asks, "What about going to the races? And how about playing golf at Piping Rock Club or playing about the Long Island pleasure grounds, where you have always had so much fun?

No, Miss Sedgwick cannot go to the races, for they are strictly day-time affairs.

When society asked Mrs. Sedgwick if it was really true that Adelaide made her own clothes that lady replied "Yes, Adelaide has always had clothes sense. She can make the most wonderful dresses out of nothing, and she made all of her sister Aileen's dresses before she (Aileen) married." In fact, society did not know it, but Mrs. Jimmy Taylor's wedding clothes were all designed by sister Adelaide, and she made everything but the wedding gown and going-away tailored suit!

When her shop closes she walks briskly up Fifth avenue to her home. Then what an excited hour she has turning herself from a dull, plodding moth into a brilliant, carefree butterfly! There is psychology in clothes, just as there is in so many every-day things. For her job Miss Sedgwick clings to simple little dark-blue and black dresses, but for her butterfly hours she bursts into flames of color.

Later she has supper and dances for an hour or two, but she punches the time clock the next morning right on time. Two hundred debutantes are to come out this Winter. She will be invited to most of the parties, but can only attend those given in the evening. Then there will be the Junior Assemblies, the Metropolitan dances and any number of others, with always the opera.

Judging from the way the bids are being received at the Sedgwick home, society is determined to show how much it respects the fine spirit of this young girl, raised amid luxury and among girls whose wealth is counted by millions and millions "going into trade," once a disgrace is now being raised to a high honor.

But what about marrying? This is a question society hardly dares ask. Will her job interfere with Adelaide's securing a husband? Yes and no. To be brutally truthful, this step will not bring any millionaire husband to camp on the Sedgwick doorstep. But neither would such a man have gone out of his way to seek her in her former life. As a rule, like seeks like, and during the years following her debut when she was just a butterfly no rich suitor besought the girl to marry him. Neither will the male butterfly who needs to marry a nice steady income insist her trail, but the man, young in years, who has his way to make, will undoubtedly be attracted by her pluck and ability, to say nothing of her charm, and he will not hesitate to woo her during her butterfly hours. He would have been afraid to attempt it when she was fretting her soul out trying to make both ends meet, but now that Adelaide Sedgwick has shown her world what she can do, marriage must certainly find her some day. In the mean time society is encouraging her to have all the pleasure she can in her free hours

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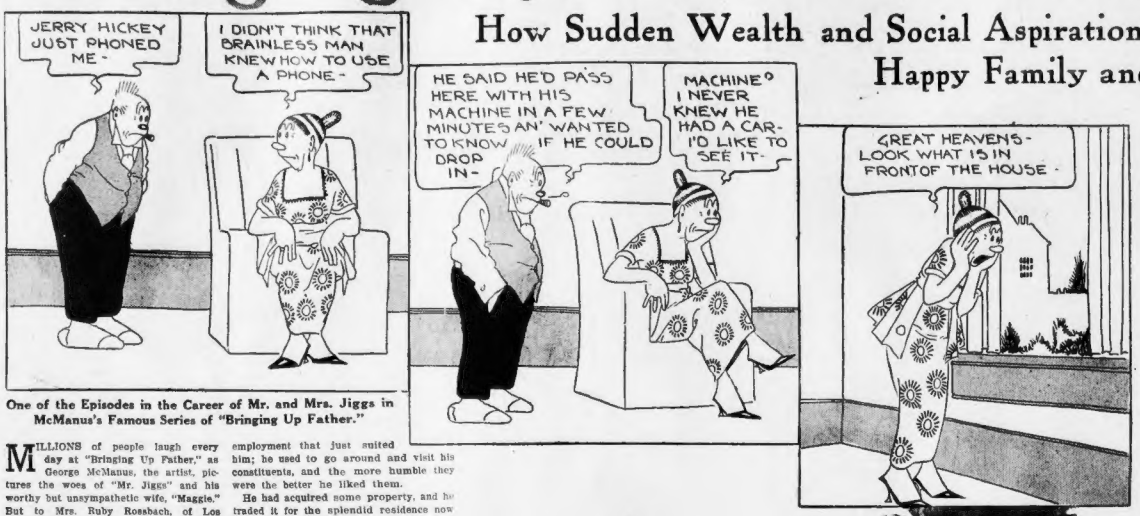
"Bringing Up Father" in Real Life.

How Sudden Wealth and Social Aspirations Came to a Happy Family and Developed a "Mr. Jiggs" Who Still Clings to His Shirt Sleeves, His Pipe and "Vulgar Associates"


JERRY HICKEY JUST PHONED ME -
I DIDN'T THINK THAT BRAINLESS MAN KNEW HOW TO USE A PHONE -
HE SAID HE'D PASS HERE WITH HIS MACHINE IN A FEW MINUTES AN' WANTED TO KNOW IF HE COULD DROP IN -
MACHINE? I NEVER KNEW HE HAD A CAR- I'D LIKE TO SEE IT-
GREAT HEAVENS - LOOK WHAT IS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE -

One of the Episodes in the Career of Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs in McManus's Famous Series of "Bringing Up Father."

MILLIONS of people laugh every day at "Bringing Up Father," as George McManus, the artist, pictures the woes of "Mr. Jiggs" and his worthy but unsympathetic wife, "Maggie." But to Mrs. Ruby Rossbach, of Los Angeles, sister of the late "Silent Smith," New York multi-millionaire, there is nothing funny about "Mr. Jiggs."

For she has her own "Mr. Jiggs," and a "Bringing up Father" serial in actual real life.

The "Mr. Jiggs" in this production is Victor A. Rossbach, husband of the late financier's sister and the living prototype of the browbeaten, luckless individual in the sketches.

McManus conceived a homespun, bluff, big hearted, sociable man of the shirt sleeves type who made a lot of money and wouldn't be "classy" or aristocratic. He made the "Maggie" just as rough hewn-looking as "Jiggs" but with aspirations to climb and to take her unwilling mate up with her.

But "Jiggs," as we all know, is hopeless. He would rather talk to the man bringing in coal than receive the quality brought to the house by the indefatigable "Maggie."

That is just the "trouble" with Mr. Rossbach, and the counts against him are many and grievous. Here they are, as related by Mrs. Rossbach in a recent suit for separation in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County.

Rossbach would rather talk to the man who sweeps the street in front of their magnificent home at No. 7095 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, than employ himself similarly with Mrs. Rossbach's friends.

It is the wish of his wife that Rossbach should dress for dinner, but he finds it much more comfortable to appear at the table in his shirt sleeves. And as a final atrocity he calls the noonday meal "dinner."

He might associate with the wealthy and exclusive with whom Mrs. Rossbach is wont to surround herself, but spends a good deal of his spare time at the fire engine house a block away talking to his cronies there.

Mrs. Rossbach entertains many fashionable people, who observe the social niceties with the greatest exactitude, and she would fain have her husband emulate their example of extreme elegance.

But Rossbach, without wishing to give offense, continues to be faithful to his "Mr. Jiggs" proclivities; he is as likely as not to walk in on the ultras with his pipe in his mouth and extend a hearty hand with a "howdy," or to slap some haughty-looking person on the back and find that he has offended the Baron This or the Marquis That.

There are in the Rossbach cuisine forks for everything that is edible and every shade of use, but Rossbach, the "blunderer," insists upon eating peas with a spoon and doing a fair amount of work with his knife that should, according to the most refined rules laid down, be assigned to his fork.

Rossbach has a splendid chamber in the mansion, with a Louis Something four-poster, French mirrors and a soft-footed servitor to gratify any whim.

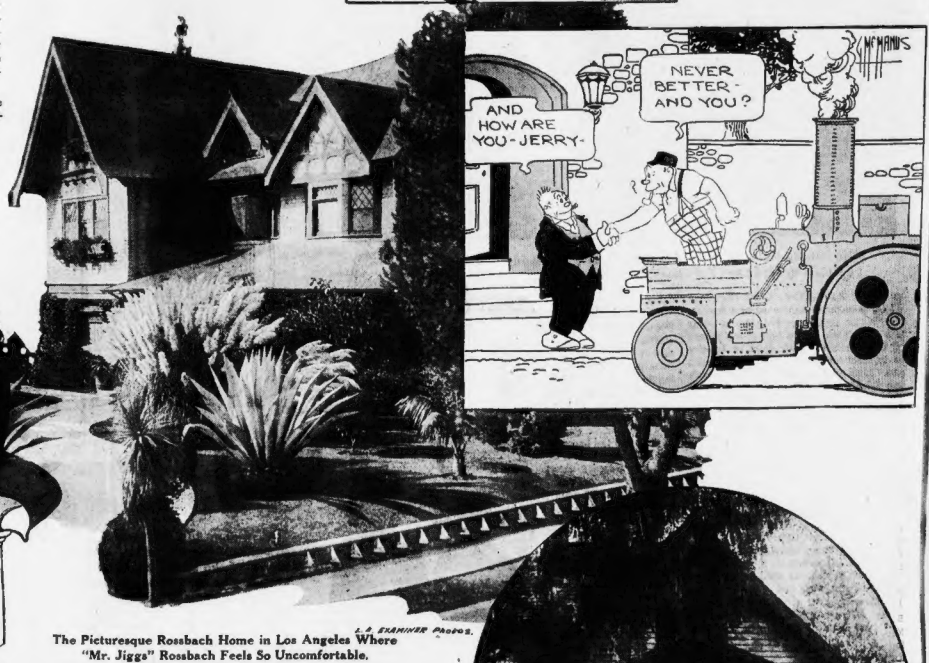
But this obdurate "Mr. Jiggs" of a man spends more time in his little room in the garage than in the bedroom.

The judge who tried the case—and refused to give Mrs. Rossbach a divorce—thought it was a case of too much "sudden money."

Up to the time of "Silent" Smith's death, a few years ago, the Rossbachs were in very modest circumstances. They had lived in Waukegan and Evanston, Ill., and Rossbach had been a railroad trainman for fifteen years. Then he was elected to the Board of Aldermen in Evanston. It was an employment that just suited him; he used to go around and visit his constituents, and the more humble they were the better he liked them.

He had acquired some property, and he traded it for the splendid residence now occupied by the family in beautiful Hollywood. Millionaire moving picture producers and actors are all around, and they may be seen riding along the boulevard in their specially made cars with airs of ex-

How Mr. Rossbach's Amiable Face Would Look on Artist McManus's Well-Known Figure of "Mr. Jiggs."



The Picturesque Rossbach Home in Los Angeles Where "Mr. Jiggs" Rossbach Feels So Uncomfortable.

L.A. EXAMINER PHOTOS.

treme luxury.

In the old days Rossbach couldn't have traveled with this crowd, and didn't want to. But after "Silent" Smith died there fell to Mrs. Rossbach from his estate a fortune of $350,000.

Up to this time, according to Rossbach, his wife had been contented. But there was a different programme after the money came. For one thing, he was to become a man of great polish, a finished entertainer of the guests; it was now necessary that his manners should be Chesterfieldian or, at least above criticism, and above all he should abandon the "vulgar associates" who had, to the great distress of his wife, become his only companions.

It is possible that Rossbach did his best to carry out these specifications, but as he had reached middle age before the money came—well, he couldn't "make the grade"; that's the whole story.

Much of all this came out at the trial of the case wherein Mrs. Rossbach sought her freedom from her "Mr. Jiggs," but there were some fine touches that never were heard in the courtroom.

It wasn't related, for instance, that Rossbach was denied every part of the house except his bedroom and that he wasn't allowed to have his meals with the family.

The reporter found him in his little garage bedroom. That couch in the corner looked suspiciously like a bed, and if it hadn't been slept in appearances were remarkably deceitful.

As Rossbach sat there talking, his nineteen year-old son, a crippled son, came into one end of the garage and took out the roadster. But he didn't speak.

"Excuse me a minute," said Rossbach. He got up and stuck one eye out past the door frame. "I'm watching them to see if they're watching me," he explained. "My boy has a mirror in the car so he can see whether I am coming up behind. And they have the maid spying on me. It's a great game.

"The whole trouble is I like to be comfortable and human. Of course I like to talk to the street sweeper; he's an intelligent fellow and is better company than lots of the so-called 'class' that I've met in other places I might mention.

"And I go over and talk to the firemen. Why not? They're good company, too. You know I used to be an Alderman in Evanston. I got in the habit then of going around and calling on the people and there weren't any of them too low for me to visit. It wasn't because I wanted their votes, but because I represented them and they had as much right to a voice in affairs as anyone else.

"My wife made a point of the fact that I didn't act proper at a dance she gave at the Women's Clubhouse. Well, I'll tell you how that was. I went over there with her and danced one dance with a woman, and then I sat against the wall the rest of the evening. When it was over she came down on me mighty heavy.

"'That's a pretty way to treat our guests,' she said.

"'Our guests; what d'ye mean?' I asked.

"'Well, that was my party; I gave it,' she told me. It was the first time I knew that, but what I said didn't satisfy her; she made up her mind I was drunk."

At this juncture Mr. Rossbach heard a footstep on the pavement. He tiptoed to the door and looked up—with one eye. "It's my wife," he said. "Guess she's looking around to see if I'm up to anything."

But that was evidently not Mrs. Rossbach's mission, as she drove away immediately with her son.

There is one essential difference between "Mr. Jiggs" and Mr. Rossbach as viewed by Mrs. Rossbach. The former provokes laughter, but it is doubtful if Rossbach's "crudities," as the wife calls them, ever occasioned anything but displeasure in the immediate household.

Away from home, however, Rossbach is hailed as a good fellow. He is the best trap shooter in Southern California and belongs to a gun club which numbers many congenial souls. If this unfortunate double of "Mr. Jiggs" doesn't have to put on style he is admittedly of class A specifications, but he can't, just can't learn to do parlor tricks, he says.

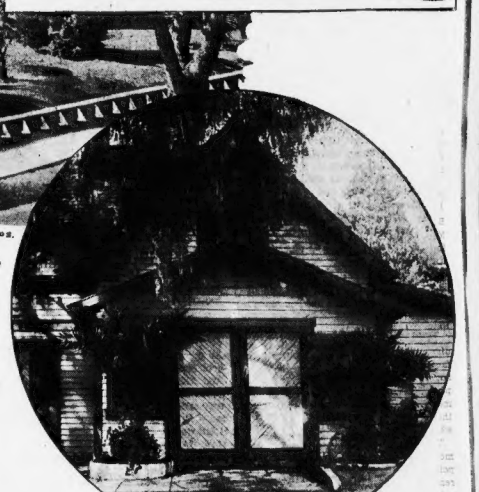
This is not the first time that the spirit of McManus's famous creation has appeared in the courts. About two years ago there was an actual Mr. Jiggs—Martin W. Jiggs was his name, to be explicit, of Oklahoma. This Mr. Jiggs was an oil-well digger. Mrs. Jiggs was a buxom lady who could cook corned beef and cabbage and potatoes beautifully, and in the humble Jiggs home this was largely the bill of fare.

Mr. Jiggs managed to acquire quite a number of leases to land near oil-bearing localities. One day he awoke to find himself rich.

Mrs. Jiggs promptly moved to St. Louis and began to essay the social claim, but Mr. Jiggs kept to his old, simple ways.

In this case, however, it is not the wife who brought suit, but the husband who sought relief from the courts. He asked to have his wife enjoined from serving eight-course meals and from insisting upon his attending social function. The unfortunate Mr. Jiggs set forth that he loved his wife and his home; that he did not wish to be divorced from either. But he brought out clearly that as a man who had made the money to run the family and to run Mrs. Jiggs's ambitions he was entitled to corned beef and cabbage if he wanted it and whenever he wanted it, and also to the society of his own friends.

The court, with truly Solomonic acuteness, split the question, and ordered that half the week Mr. Jiggs should live as he wanted and Mrs. Jiggs should conform to his wishes, while the other half of the week Mr. Jiggs should do as she wished. On this basis the couple lived happily, so far as the court records go, at least, ever after.



The Rossbach Garage. Mr. Rossbach Has a Little Room Here Which He Prefers to the Luxurious Chamber in His Residence.

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How Death Came, Unbidden, to Mrs. Sales' Dinner Party.

Five Dead Before the Week Was Out from a Frightful New Food Poisoning Which Is Almost Certain Death, But Which You Can Neither See Nor Smell Nor Taste

Microscopic Enlargement of a Culture of the Bacillus Botulinus. This Shows the Bacilli Without Spores, Also the Club-Shaped and Spindle-Shaped Spore Bearing Bacilli, and the Numerous Spores. From Rockefeller Institute Monograph on Botulism, by Dr. E. C. Dickson.

IT was at her town house in Detroit, that Mrs. Murray W. Sales, a prominent society matron of that city, gave a formal dinner to some of her fashionable friends. Covers were laid for eight, including Mrs. Sales and her husband. Bottled ripe olives were among the hors d'oeuvres served that evening and some of the same lot were placed before the members of the family on Sunday and Monday following Saturday night's more elaborate affair.

Five who ate those olives are now in their graves—dead within a week. Two others were desperately sick, but have not died.

What killed them? They were victims of a strange new food poison newly discovered and called botulism—a poison produced by the recently identified bacillus botulinus.

They did not swallow germs which began to breed and poison them. The deadly poison was already all there on those olives—a tasteless, odorless, invisible but frightfully potent poison. That is one of the strange things about this poison—the microbe in the food makes the poison and deposits it in the food. It is not the microbe that harms you; it is the poison it has put in the food before you eat it.

It is a strange and uncanny germ. It cannot live in the air; it does not thrive or give off the poison in the warmth of the body. The bacillus botulinus may be eaten without danger. The germ lives, breeds and creates its poison in the sealed can or jar where there is no air, no oxygen.

Science knows no cure for this poison. There is no way that the housewife nor the guest can tell whether the poison is in the food. But there are some things which everybody ought to know and to do to guard against this new food poison which struck, with deadly effect, Mrs. Sales's dinner party.

Within twenty-four hours the victims began to be stricken. Medical specialists diagnosed the illness correctly, but they were helpless—there was nothing they could do.

Mrs. Sales's young daughter, Frances, twenty-two years old, and her son, Leonard A. Sales, twelve, were among the victims. Both had eaten the olives on Sunday and Monday. The others who died were: A. Ingersoll Lewis, a well-known Detroit capitalist, who ate the olives the night of the dinner; Mrs. H. Cassell, who was called in Saturday night to assist in serving, and Julia Manes, a maid in the Sales residence. Mrs. Sales and Mrs. Lewis were seriously ill, but recovered.

This distressing tragedy has served to direct attention to the highly important fact that there exists to-day in canned and bottled foods, especially of the home prepared variety, and sometimes in the commercial kind, a more deadly health menace than any form of food poisoning with which we were heretofore familiar.

Totally different in symptoms and far more fatal in character than "ptomaine poisoning," which is of frequent occurrence, this serious and seldom encountered poisoning is one of which the public has little, if any, knowledge either as to the causes or symptoms or means of prevention. Cases may be much more common than the records show. Few doctors know this disease and many cases may have occurred which were not recognized.

A person with great powers of resistance may overcome the effects of a slight poisoning, but the mortality percentage is very high.

Even a bite of infected food may almost cause death. Here is one case reported in the Rockefeller Research report on botulism:

"On July 1, 1916, Mrs. W., of San Pasquale, near Escondido, California, noticed that one of a number of jars of string beans, which she had canned two weeks before, was leaking. She tasted one of the pods and noted that it was 'slightly sharp,' and when she began to 'heat them over' she noticed that there was a 'strong, disagreeable odor.' The contents of the jar were then thrown out.

"On the morning of the following day some of the chickens which had eaten the beans were sick and could not lift their heads. Later in the day several more chickens became affected, and by the next day all the chickens which had eaten the beans were ill. A neighbor who raised large numbers of chickens told Mrs. W. that the chickens had limber-neck. About twenty-five of them died within three or four days after they had eaten the beans.

"On the third day after she had tasted the beans Mrs. W. noticed that she felt queer,' was weak and tired, had double vision, and could not open her eyes. Her mouth and throat were dry, the tongue felt too large for her mouth, and she had difficulty in pronouncing words, and in swallowing. She noted that she was very 'unsteady' on her feet, 'as if on shipboard,' and that when she tried to walk she raised her feet high as if going upstairs. She had great difficulty in combing her hair and in picking up small objects. There was no nausea or vomiting.

"The symptoms became more severe for several days, but the patient did not remain in bed, although she was unable to do her work and lay down frequently during the day. At times there was severe pain in the back of the head and neck. Her mentality was below normal and her memory was poor. She was restless but slept well. She noticed that there was an accumulation of mucus in the throat, but there was never any strangling or disturbance of respiration. She summed up her symptoms in the words, 'Everything that I tried to do was a great effort.' An optician who examined her eyes told me that there was paralysis of the third nerve on both sides, and that there was no retinal involvement.

"About three weeks after the onset of the symptoms, Mrs. W. commenced a course of osteopathic treatments and physical culture exercises, and in two months was practically well. Seven months after the beginning of the illness there was still a tendency to basilar headaches and she became hoarse after talking some time."

If one taste of a poisoned vegetable so violently upset the victim, with effects lasting for months it is not difficult to see why death would follow the eating of a full portion of the poisoned food.

The term botulism as a designation for this type of food poisoning originated in Germany and was taken from the word Botulus (a sausage). In the early part of the nineteenth century frequent outbreaks of a peculiar kind of food poisoning occurred in Germany following the consumption of sausages. Hence it was commonly referred to as sausage poisoning and the same name persists to-day in medical literature both abroad and in this country.

Following these outbreaks in Germany research was instituted and this resulted in the isolation of a bacterium which was found to give off a virulent poison or toxin when the bacillus was grown in suitable media. It was then believed that the botulinus bacillus confined its abode to sausages and other pork products, but subsequent investigations have proved that it has extended its poisonous influence to a great many other foodstuffs, and especially those packed in airtight containers.

In the absence of oxygen, as in an airtight container, the bacilli not only multiply freely, but they sporulate, rendering them much more difficult to kill. Sporulation is the formation of a resistent shell over an organism which affords greater protection against extermination.

The botulism victim presents a picture so harrowing, it is said, that once seen will never be forgotten. The effects of the poison as it progresses through the system are most distressing, although, peculiarly, there is seldom any pain experienced.

All of the Detroit cases developed in a typical manner. That is to say, the symptoms did not begin to make their appearance until about twenty-four hours after the olives had been consumed. As a rule the first symptoms are manifest in from eighteen to twenty-four hours and oftentimes they may not appear for two or three days.

The symptoms of botulism differ from those of other types of food poisoning in that there are usually no disturbances such as gastric distress, nausea and diarrhoea, which are typical of the various gastro-intestinal disorders.

The earliest symptom of botulism is an indefinite sort of fatigue often accompanied by headache, dizziness and muscular weakness. Constipation is almost always experienced and there is great resistance to all efforts to induce evacuation of the bowels.

Disturbances of the vision present themselves early. Double vision, cloudy vision and difficulties in accommodation for near vision are among the characteristic signs. It is usually these visual phenomena which bring first warning to the patient that he is seriously ill.

Paralysis of the muscles of the eye often occurs, which is followed by difficulty in talking and swallowing. The throat feels constricted and there may be a complete paralysis of the muscles of the pharynx which makes it difficult for the victim to swallow. Attacks of strangling are often brought about by efforts to swallow and these, if not fatal in themselves, may bring the victim to a state of complete exhaustion.

One of the most striking features is the extreme muscular weakness. Weakness in the arms and legs is first experienced and later becomes so pronounced that one is unable to raise arms or legs from the bed. This condition sometimes closely resembles paralysis.

While there may be an initial headache or some pain in the region of the stomach it is unusual for the victim to suffer any pain whatever. He is more or less apathetic and apparently in a semi-comatose condition.

The heart action is almost always extremely rapid and the temperature remains subnormal. Death usually occurs from cardiac or respiratory failure and sometimes from strangling after an attempt to swallow food or drink.

The duration of the illness varies. Death may occur within forty-eight hours, but ordinarily it is considerably later. In the majority of cases the victims have died in from four to eight days after the poisoning.

Perhaps the most thorough study of this food poisoning in the United States has been made by Dr. Ernest C. Dickson, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. His recently published monograph on the subject is of tremendous interest and importance. He says in part:

"If it were possible to trace all of the cases in which 'ptomaine poisoning' has been given as the cause of death I have little doubt that botulism would be found to occupy an important position in the mortality list.

"The result of the investigation which has the greatest economic importance is the demonstration that botulism may be produced by eating spoiled canned vegetables and fruit.

"In all the recorded cases in which canned vegetables or fruit have been responsible for the poisoning, the food had not been cooked after removal from the can. Three of the victims in my series tasted small portions from the cans of string beans and corn to determine whether they were spoiled, and one drank the fluid from a can of asparagus. In two instances the canned string beans were served as salad, and in one the apricots were served as dessert.

"It is a point of considerable importance that foodstuffs which are contaminated with the toxin of bacillus botulinus may not appear sufficiently spoiled to insure their being discarded. The vegetables usually have an unpleasant odor and may show bubbles of gas on the surface, but they are not apt to be discolored or soft and may even appear to be especially well-preserved.

"It should be thoroughly understood that an extremely virulent toxin may produce but little change in the appearance of the food, and the common practise of tasting canned stuff to see whether it is fit for use should be discarded.

"All canned foods should be discarded if there is any indication that it is even slightly spoiled (this is even more important with home canned food) and under no circumstances should it be eaten or even tasted before it has been cooked."

Dr. Dickson condemns the home method of canning, for he points out that the average housewife knows nothing of the habits of bacteria or the significance of spores in spore-bearing bacteria and, therefore, has no conception of the importance of sterilization. He asserts: "With the older method of preserving with sugar the danger was not so great, as it is probable that even a moderate amount of sugar inhibits the development of the toxin, but in the process of canning without sugar the greatest care is necessary to insure that all bacteria and spores are destroyed."

An investigation by the New York Health Department into the methods used in canning and bottling ripe olives reveals that practically all of the olives which are handled by canning concerns in New York are of the imported variety and these come into the country packed in a 20 per cent solution of salt and are repacked or bottled without any appreciable reduction of the salt content. This is more than sufficiently saline to prevent the growth of the botulinus bacillus or the exuding of its toxin.

All authorities agree that the growth of the bacillus is inhibited in the presence of a six per cent solution of sodium chloride (common salt) and it is pointed out that this fact is of considerable economic importance, as meats which are pickled in brine which contains more than six per cent sodium chloride will not become contaminated with the toxin.

The olives which caused the death of the five persons in Detroit were ripe olives which had been grown in California and packed by a canning concern in the same State in eighteen-ounce bottles.

In the absence of an official opinion from the Detroit health authorities as to how the olives became contaminated with the toxin the only conclusion is the obvious one that the solution which was used in the bottling process was of a strength of less than six per cent, and thus not strong enough to prevent the production of the poison by the bacillus within the jars.

It Was in the Olives Which Were Served as a Relish at Mrs. Sales's Dinner That the Little Newly Discovered Bacillus Botulinus Had Deposited Virulent Poison Which in Less Than a Week Sent Five to Their Graves.

Master Leonard Sales, Twelve Years Old, Who Ate an Olive, Was Stricken and Died.

Mr. Ingersoll Lewis, a Guest, Who Ate of the Poisoned Olives and Died.

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Miss Frances Sales, Aged Twenty-two, Who Ate of the Olives and Died in Spite of Every Effort to Save Her Life.

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Astonishing Revelations o

The Peculiar Old New York Multi-Millionaire, His the Fashionable Divorc "Darling Son" Weddie

THAT W. E. D. Stokes is "so morose and ill-natured in his disposition and so filthy and degraded in his personal habits and generally so coarse, disgusting and loathsome as a man, that life with him has become intolerable" is one of many reasons sworn to by Mrs. Stokes for begging the courts to grant her a divorce from the well-known New York multi-millionaire.

And in his suit for divorce against his wife Stokes names four men with whom he asserts Mrs. Stokes has had improper relations. One of these is his own son by a former wife—W. E. D. Stokes, Jr.

But to all this the young wife enters a vigorous denial and explains these shocking charges by asserting that for a long time Stokes "has been scheming, plotting and planning to defraud her of her legal rights and destroy her good name."

Is the young wife of Mr. Stokes the abandoned creature he says she is — a woman promiscuous and common almost beyond belief?

Or is this young wife the victim of a conspiracy to get rid of her and her children and rob her of her wifely share of her aged husband's millions?

The courts will have to answer these questions. Meanwhile there are many illuminating sidelights on the domestic life of Stokes which are interesting.

The playwright or motion picture scenario writer could not ask for better material—such a wealth of ready made, real life domestic tragedy, with all the stage settings of a New York multi-millionaire's home, glimpses of fashionable society, country homes, fashionable resorts, divorce, a second marriage, a touch of the sordid underworld, three pistol shots from a desperate woman, spies, detectives, plots, wholesale charges of faithlessness—and standing forth in the midst of all this the extraordinary figure of young W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., who flippantly confesses to "Darling Pop" what, if true, the code of honor of every gentleman of all centuries has regarded as a sacred secret, and was, in this case, also an unspeakable invasion of his father's honor.

The well-known portrait of Mrs. Phil Lydig painted by Boldini, and a caricature of the painting by "Sem."

—AND—

A portrait of W. E. D. Stokes.

CHAPTER I.

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IT WAS on February 11, 1911, that William E. D. Stokes was married in Jersey City, N. J., to Miss Helen Elwood, of Colorado—the New York multi-millionaire was sixty-five years old and his bride was in the early twenties. In less than a month the young bride avers that she was in tears over the disillusionment of her dreams of happiness.

There is scarcely a better known name than Stokes in recent New York history. The present William Earl Dodge Stokes is related to a group of distinguished families which include the Earls and Dodges, as well as the Stokeses. William Earl Dodge, the uncle after whom Stokes is named, was a noted Abolitionist and philanthropist and millionaire merchant. He is commemorated by a public statue in bronze in New York. W. E. D. Stokes was the son of the late James Stokes, who divided his fortune between W. E. D. and his brothers, James, Thomas and Anson Phelps Stokes. The last named brother was a very philanthropic millionaire, who was one of the most generous supporters of American foreign missions. His son, the present Anson Phelps Stokes, a nephew of W. E. D., was secretary of Yale University and a noted author and scholar. Another member of the family, J. G. Phelps Stokes, also a nephew of W. E. D. Stokes, became a Socialist and married Rose Pastor from an East Side tenement.

Almost at the very beginning of the honeymoon, the saddened bride declares, Mr. Stokes insulted and humiliated her with his abusive remarks and conduct. Before the first month had passed the bridegroom wantonly assaulted his young bride, she swears, and threw her with great violence against the dresser in her room at the Ansonia Hotel, on upper Broadway, and severely injured her.

Shot three times by an actress in her apartment, Stokes found himself conspicuously in the public eye only a few months after his marriage to Miss Elwood. Four years before this he had been sued by a widow for the support of her child.

The young bride was unable to match his long years of worldly experience, and so it happens that a curious thing occurred one day in May three months after the wedding. In the words of Mrs. Stokes's sworn statement:

"Incident to the long-continued cruelty and inhuman treatment and in the execution of his wicked designs and purposes, plaintiff (Mr. Stokes), in a violent rage, with filthy expressions, and by force and duress, compelled this deponent (Mrs. Stokes), on the 17th day of May, 1911, to sign a paper, refusing to divulge to her the nature and contents of the same, although requested so to do."

And what was that paper?

Mrs. Stokes declares she never knew—not until a few weeks ago did her lawyers find out for her what she signed. For on that day the three-months' bride of the multi-millionaire signed away her wifely dower rights in some forty lots of New York real estate worth many millions.

It is a strange picture of Stokes, the aged bridegroom, which is revealed in the sworn statement of his young bride. Married in February, 1911, unpleasant surprises the bride asserts, began to happen very fast.

"In the month of May, 1911," Mrs. Stokes makes affidavit that her husband "came into their apartment with his clothing covered with acid and informed her that one of his women had thrown the acid on him, that she was demanding money of him, and that it was necessary that he arrange immediately for plaintiff (Stokes) and defendant (Mrs. Stokes) to go South for a visit to get away from said woman; and that they did immediately take a trip South."

On account of these not very amiable "lady friends" of the old millionaire, life was always open to the possibility of unpleasant surprises, Mrs. Stokes asserts, and explains the extraordinary situation in these words, asserting that several times her husband admitted that "he had theretofore had improper relations with other women, and that some of said women had threatened to disfigure defendant (Mrs. Stokes), and because of said threats plaintiff (Stokes) required his butler to precede the defendant (Mrs. Stokes) when going from her apartment to enter his automobile, for the purpose of protecting her from the assaults of said women."

And even earlier in their troubled marital career, when scarcely had the first month passed, the tender bride received, she asserts, a frightful shock, which she describes and explains thus:

"Several times during the month of March, 1911, the plaintiff (Stokes), who has the habit of talking aloud with himself, stated in the defendant's (Mrs. Stokes) hearing that he intended to bring a big, black negro to the defendant's room for the purpose of assaulting her, in consequence of which the defendant was greatly frightened and underwent a nervous strain for a long time thereafter, so that she was afraid to go to her room at night for fear the plaintiff might carry out his announced purpose."

What a honeymoon!

On what sort of matrimonial voyage had the young bride embarked?

Lewd women, pistol shots, acid throwing, insults and brutally treated inside her domestic circle and threatened with attacks from outside—these were the things and this was the atmosphere Mrs. Stokes swears she found confronting her in the very earliest weeks of her marriage.

But the bride's troubles had only begun, as she asserts and explains further on in her sworn statements. Her husband and the threatening women were not her only source of sorrow.

Mr. Stokes had been married once before—and his first wife had divorced him. There had been a child by this first marriage, a boy, W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., and called "Weddie" in the family circle.

The young bride soon found that the divorced wife and the boy "Weddie" were a complication and a combination which further darkened her matrimonial horizon. The first wife was a Spanish girl, Miss Rita Hernandez de Alba de Acosta. Stokes married her in 1895. She was only nineteen. Five years later, in 1900, she sued Stokes for divorce, got her divorce and was given $1,000 a month alimony and the custody of the boy "Weddie."

Two years later the divorced first wife married Captain Philip Lydig, and since then she has been a prominent figure in New York and Newport social life—known everywhere as Mrs. Phil Lydig. And, it is interesting to note, she has just secured a divorce from Lydig.

Mrs. Lydig is an interesting woman. She is a very wide-awake, capable person, and many things which Mr. Stokes has written about her are quite astonishing, as shown by the correspondence which will be introduced at the trial of the present Mrs. Stokes's divorce suit.

It was a strange situation the young second wife soon found herself in. Her husband, his divorced wife and their son were in frequent communication! What did it mean?

Finally one day while Mrs. Stokes was at the stock farm in Kentucky Mr. Stokes wrote from New York this flippant allusion to Mrs. Phil Lydig and her "fatal mistake" in divorcing Stokes:

CHESAPEAKE & WESTERN RAILROAD,
Office of the President,
No. 262 West Seventy-second Street, New York,
June 29, 1916.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, Lexington, Ky.

My Dear Helen:

I laid awake most of last night worrying, thinking and finally sweet sleep carried me off, and when I awoke this morning I knelt at the foot of my bed and offered up a blessing to God that I was not Brigham Young. Here is wife No. 1; she has had an interview with a religious male member of the Stokes family, and he has told her I have given everything in the world to the children of wife No. 2, and they have corralled everything except my old hulk.

Here is wife No. 2. She thinks everything I own is in the name of the son of wife No. 1. Wife No. 1 writes a note to me, how dare I get married the second time, and I am compelled to tell her that I ventured across the stormy Hudson and secured the services of a missionary.

Everything was allusions and delusions to wife No. 1 when she left me. She made a fatal mistake, she says, but she has every member of the Stokes family and their attorneys and friends, stirred up with the idea of death and a cruel husband who kept her from seeing her son. The instant I heard all this I got my boy and carried him to his mother. She is now filled with wild ideas which some kind member of the family has given me and she employs that boy to deceive his father.

Wife No. 2 thinks that every woman in town is to be envied except herself. So there you have it. No one suited.

Now take good care of yourself and do not worry, and let me do the worrying. Let me know when you are about to have that operation.

Yours,
W. E. D. STOKES.

A little later Mr. Stokes writes again about his first wife and makes the following interesting revelations about her business ventures:

W. E. D. Stokes, Office 262 West 72d Street, N Y.
August 19, 1916.

(Confidential).

My Dear Helen:

We are in a city that is "childless." There are no children anywhere. No children in the hotel: only a few raggamuffins in the street.

Now as for Weddie, he is just grand. He weighs 155 pounds, straight as an arrow, and rosy cheeks like a girl. He has just been elected secretary of the —— Company.

It seems that Mrs. Lydig met Doctor —— nine years ago. She told Mrs. Lydig that for a few thousand dollars she could get for America the —— Process for curing drunks, especially ladies who were over-indulgent. The money was trusteed for Mrs. Lydig and now they own sanitariums all over the United States and they license their process and the money is flowing in. She has two automobiles, a beautiful garage, library worth $200,000, bric-a-brac worth $300,000 or $400,000, securities galore and money galore. She is vice-president of the company and Dr —— is president. The payroll each month for the servants in her household is $2,200. Now this is a secret; do not tell anyone anything about it. All the big doctors in New York City send their patients there. There is not a city in the United States that does not have wives of the wealthy in these sanitariums. It is a secret. No one knows anything about it.

I suppose her jewels are worth $200,000. She is building an addition to her house so that Weddie will have a room there, and that is the reason she is staying at the Plaza Hotel. She cannot bear a particle of noise. She has fourteen or fifteen rooms in the hotel, three or four nurses, two or three maids and a doctor living with her.

Now do not say a word about this to a soul. I should not have told you, but I just made up my mind that I would.

I wish you could see Weddie. He is not that thin, gaunt, pale-faced boy that used to worry the life out of me, but he is as grand a chap as you have ever laid eyes on. Wherever he goes everyone says, "Why, what happened to your son; he has grown so big and looks so fine."

Yours
WILL (W. E. D. STOKES.)

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, Lexington, Ky.

(Note near signature) "Poor woman, she has not long to live, but mentally she is a wonder."

But the meetings between Mr. Stokes and his first wife were a mystery to the second wife. The young wife objected and demanded to know what was going on. Finally Mr. Stokes wrote a formal letter to his first wife, Mrs. Lydig, and takes pains to mail a copy to his second wife, in which he says:

"I do not think it would be polite or courteous to Captain Lydig to call upon you except with his permission under the circumstances; I am sure you will agree with me."

And Stokes then bluntly says that he wishes Mrs. Lydig would write him anything she has to say. Then he adds this paragraph:

"You must remember that I am married and that I have a nice little family, and that there are duties I owe to my wife which I must respect. As I was not here when the telegrams came to Weddie and to me they did come through her. She has read them, and feels that there are certain obligations and duties that I owe her."

Young Mrs. Stokes was not at all impressed with this

W.E.D. Stokes' Second Domestic Tragedy

Pretty but Unhappy Young Bride, First Wife (Mrs. Phil Lydig) and What a Chance for a Real-Life Movie!

The young wife of W. E. D. Stokes and her two children, Jimmy Stokes, five years old, and Helen Muriel Stokes, who is now four.
Photo by Ira L. Hill, N. Y.

nd was greatly disturbed at the mystery of what ng on.

l two days later Stokes writes his son, Weddie, is wife's uneasiness over what is going on and puts on record—and mails a copy of the letter to the wife.

Lexington, Ky., August 23, 1916

rling Boy:

have been with your mother, your grandmother ur aunt for some time. They have had an opportto observe you and I trust you have made a good ion and they are pleased with you, and that they s well of you as I do.

ve had a talk with Helen. You must remember len received a number of your mother's telegrams and to me over the 'phone, and she thinks that I, indness to her, have exceeded the limit, and I do ow, but that she is right. At any rate I shall not e farthing, one way or another, forwards, backor any other way, to Mrs. Lydig.. Now that is plain the point. Nor shall I help you in any way so that give her one cent. Is that plain? Is that to the I am giving Helen a copy of this letter so that ill not be the slightest chance for a misunderstandbelieve I have expressed myself clearly and plainly the point. After the illness she has been through her weakened condition I shall not have her worse atom; and what I say is absolutely plain and unble, and you knew and I know that when I say a that ends it.

Yours,

. Stokes was a great letter writer," said Mrs. in discussing her matrimonial troubles. "Some- e would write two or three letters to me in one

, for instance, is a very interesting pair of letters, s scolding letter to his wife and her calm, dignified

And it is curious to note how the eternal theme first wife, Mrs. Phil Lydig, runs through the correnee—the divorced wife and mother of darling haunting her like a troubled dream.

). Stokes, Office 262 West 72d St., New York.
NEW YORK, January 29, 1917

'. E. D. Stokes,
ng Beach, Long Island:

felen:

en, some weeks ago, you approached the subject rning to Hotel ——, I stated I would write to ef management and get in writing their terms—so ould be no chance for a misunderstanding; but you NO," that you would write yourself.

en, follow half a dozen paragraphs about a dispute ie manager of the —— Hotel at Long Beach over ls for the last visit Mrs. Stokes and the children o the hotel.)

y, Helen, I have been begging and begging and en- g you, for Weddie's sake, for your own sake, and sake, to cut short all talks about Mrs. Lydig, and giving Weddie advice, as I was satisfied that your was not good for the boy nor for yourself, and to im to me for all advice. But the minute my back ed, talks, letters, advice and suggestions flow and ve at last succeeded in what you said you would day I took him to his mother's home, and in stirring end of trouble for everyone including myself, and ve made a break between mother and son—and, to o him and to others what "A," "B," and "C," ith a little imagination added, doesn't make evi- and it doesn't make happiness either. Xantippe was a happy woman. Throwing Chinese bombs lid anyone any good. China chickens always come o roost, and in the end they hurt the thrower

v I have been off working for you and the children. ave even spent as much as seventy-two hours, never ff my clothes or shutting my eyes, but working, so s was I to succeed for your sakes and to get home— id not know what next move you would be up to.

v. I learned from Mrs. Lydig what occurred in Mrs. parlor between you and me. Here, before me, talks you and Mrs. —— had at your table—the thousand alimony, etc., and how you could get having left the Ansonia; and how to get back nd then away again. You will wake up some day that Mrs. ——'s advice is not as good as your d's advice.

you do not take my advice and stop stirring the , let me warn you—she is skilled; she is of Spanish and she will stand no fooling. She has no interest except so far as that interest relates to Weddie. It ad, unfortunate and miserable.

man ever did himself credit by attacking a woman; woman ever did herself credit by attacking an woman. Even when those girls shot me I went to me, because I thought it was my duty—and I got

will not pay for you to discuss Mrs. Lydig with any t is not kind to me; it is not kind to her; it is not me. She is the mother of my son and she once bore me. She claims to hold something that some people not care to have me see. Now, forget her! Put her your life! Try to find somebody about whom to e things and kind things, instead of unkind things, as to happy to think that my boy and his mother may more happy and in harmony. You have broken dreams.

ir threats on leaving yesterday, indicate that Mrs. was well posted and she will stop at nothing. Let me warn you!

Yours, (sd) WILL (W. E. D. STOKES).

And this was the young wife's prompt and dignified answer to Stokes:

Hotel ——, Long Beach, L. I., February 1, 1919.

My Dear Will:

Replying to your letter of January 29. Before my returning to the Ansonia Hotel last December I tried to make it quite clear that I would wish to return to the country after Christmas, and having the Hotel —— in mind, and so stated to you, thus hoping to avoid any misunderstanding. At the time you mentioned as "some weeks ago" I took up the matter again and got your approval and supposed I had done so at the time of your leaving for Chicago.

After receiving a copy of ——'s letter and your telegrams I at once tried to find a suitable place, visiting among others Hotel Gramatan, cottages at the beach and other places without success.

Then you returned late Saturday night and I hastened to New York to talk the matter over with you, but found you in such a state of mind I could discuss nothing with you. So, as far as I can see, there is nothing strange or anything to hide about the matter.

About Weddie and Mrs. Lydig. You say you "have been begging and begging and entreating me for Weddie's sake, for my own sake, and for your sake to cut short all talks about Mrs. Lydig and to stop giving Weddie advice, and you are satisfied my advice was not good for the boy nor for myself."

My advice to your son regarding Mrs. Lydig was about two weeks ago, when he came to me very unhappy, not wishing to live any longer with Mrs. Lydig. Not only did I advise him to return to her, but I insisted he go direct to her and apologize if he had been rude and to assure her he would never see me again, as I felt it was desired that he would not call on me. Although I do not understand why that feeling should exist, as I did everything I could to make him happy, at your request, when he had no one.

Regarding Mrs. Lydig. You say "The minute your back is turned, talks, letters, advice and suggestions flow and I have at last succeeded in what I said I would do the day you took him to his mother's house and in stirring up no end of trouble for everyone, including yourself."

I consider the above a highly insulting and insinuating statement. Especially from a man to his wife.

There has never been on my part a desire to do anything behind your back, either as regards talking, letters, advice or suggestions regarding Mrs. Lydig. And I strenuously deny that I ever made any hint or suggestion I would stir up no end of trouble for everyone, including yourself, or cause a break between mother and son. On the contrary, I have done everything that I could to influence Weddie favorably towards his mother.

You say quoting from others does not make evidence. If legal evidence, I have no need nor desire for legal evidence. If hearsay evidence regarding public opinions of persons, my opinion regarding Mrs. Lydig has been based on what you yourself have said and from the public.

Now, Will, if you have been so anxious as to spend seventy-two hours, never taking off your clothes or shutting your eyes working for my sake and the children's, why haven't you shown a little of this anxiety while with us alone, instead of doing the mean things you do when we are alone and then going to your office and writing about your sacrifices.

Not only from your own statement about what you have learned from Mrs. Lydig, but long before this letter I knew you and Mrs. Lydig had met in the Ansonia Hotel after my boy was born regardless of your statement it was her lawyer.

I am afraid it is your own method of doing things behind peoples's backs that makes you intensely suspicious of others.

You say she claims to "hold something some people would not care to have me see."

May be she has regarding herself, certainly nothing that concerns me, as my life is clean as you have taken pains to find out.

If you did learn from Mrs. Lydig what occurred in Mrs. ——'s apartment, it must have been from one of the Stokes, as it is evident you had decided on your actions before meeting me there.

I was quite interested to learn that you had before you talks which Mrs. K—— and I had at my table which bears out my feelings, that your household has been surrounded with spies, and if you had treated me with consideration and thoughtfulness which you write about, it would not have been necessary to discuss any such unfortunate subject as alimony.

You say Mrs. Lydig is the mother of your son and once bore your name. Apparently it is with regret that she does not still do so, judging from the way you uphold her qualities in your letter. What about our children and me, who now bears your name?

You refer to threats I made on Sunday. I made no threats. I made the statement I would not stand your abuse any more and would leave rather than continue listening to your abuse.

You say Mrs. Lydig will stop at nothing. Why do you defend her position so strongly?

I have noted your postscript "that I could get anything in the world out of you if I treated you fairly and squarely and not try to me force and underhanded methods."

I have always tried to treat you fairly and squarely. But that shortly after our marriage I found that your life seemed to be so surrounded with suspicion against others and the tendency to attribute meanings to every little thing that came up that it brought about suspicion in my own mind. On your part there was a lack of comradeship, that close confidence and understanding that it had always been my belief should exist between husband and wife and many other homely details that instead of bringing us more closely together has only caused us to drift farther and farther apart. If there is one honest desire on your part to avoid any of these unpleasant situations which of late seem constantly to arise between us, if you will do away with the spying and endless fault-finding and all the other objectionable things, and listen with some degree of patience and reasoning to my side and try to treat me with a little of the consideration which all wives expect from their husbands, I believe we can find some common basis on which to enjoy our children and home together.

I am, as ever,

HELEN.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

The Best of Luck

By Arthur Somers Roche

CHAPTER VII. (Cont'd)

Arrested for Murder.

THEY shook hands, solemnly on the part of Blake, a trifle embarrassedly on the part of Mr. Magee. Then Blake shook his head. "I said I'm willing to be pretty raw in this matter, but——"

"Did Kenton tell you that he found your sister's handkerchief in the room?"

Blake gasped. "No!"

Mr. Magee nodded. "Yes, but—he didn't know it was hers. He threatened to follow up the laundry marks, so—well, I had, right with me, over nineteen thousand of the twenty that should have gone to Madison. Your sister referred to that?"

"She did," said Blake sadly. "Poor devil, to—but Kenton didn't mention the money. He merely told of the croupier's having your card of introduction to Holberg's, of your having a quarrel with Holberg—all the players can testify to that, and——"

"Kenton sold me your sister's handkerchief for nineteen thousand dollars," said Mr. Magee. "That's why he didn't mention it to you. Kenton knew that I had that money—the story's too long to tell you now how I got it—and Kenton wanted it. I gave it up; then he arrested me."

"You gave up that much money so that my sister couldn't be dragged in?"

Mr. Magee blushed faintly and made no answer. Blake arose from his chair and began pacing the floor. "If we could only identify those bills," he said. "If we could only——"

Mr. Magee laughed joyously. "Why—a man named Tarson knows the numbers," he cried. "We can get them from him, hold a club over Kenton's head, and——"

But young Blake was at the door, calling to Captain Kenton. From his desk of authority in the outer room of the police station, the captain answered.

"I want you," said Blake. "And bring the blotter with you."

A moment later, bearing the heavy "blotter," the police record book, the captain unwillingly entered the room. He placed the blotter on a table.

"Well?" he asked surlily.

Blake opened the book. He came to the last page. He ripped it out and crumpled it into a ball which he stuffed in his pocket. Then he turned upon the astonished captain of police.

"You make up a new page," he snapped. "You forget you arrested this man. Understand?"

"I'm damned if I do," answered Kenton. "You may be district attorney of this town, but you can't come it over me like that. There's such a thing as abuse of power, malfeasance in office, and——"

"Taking graft," finished Blake. "Why, you poor fool, Kenton, this man has come across. I've got his whole story including the numbers of the bills he paid to you. The numbers!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," snarled Kenton.

Blake walked to the door; he called to an officer lounging in the outer room. "Stay close to this door until I call for you," he told the policeman. Then he closed the door and walked close to Kenton.

"I'm going to have that officer in here and put you under arrest. I'm district attorney of this city and have power to do it."

"And who are you so interested? demanded Kenton, blusteringly.

"Never you mind. Suffice it that I am! Is this man under arrest?" He pointed to Mr. Magee.

For a moment anger mastered Kenton. Then common sense came to his rescue. Perhaps the district attorney was bluffing when he claimed to know the numbers of the bills, but—perhaps he wasn't.

"There ain't no charge against him," he snapped.

"You may go," said Blake icily.

"But the nineteen thousand," cried Mr. Magee.

Kenton turned, swift as a striking snake. "Yes, the nineteen thousand," he snarled. "What about it? You'll get it from me only if you bring an action against me. And if you do that I'll have a bit to say—about all this."

Mr. Magee stared at the police captain while young Blake bit his lip in impotent anger. Mr. Magee took a step toward the captain.

"Kenton," he said slowly, "you win—this time. Your cards are too good, but—there are other games, Kenton, other games."

The police captain sneered. "But hoboes won't play in them."

He went out and slammed the door behind him.

"I'd like to get him," said Blake viciously, "but——"

"Let him keep the money," said Mr. Magee. "It's dirty rotten money anyway, and—much good will it do him! And—that kind of money doesn't stick. It's caused a double killing so far; what may it cause next?"

The two men looked at each other. There was a pause. Mr. Magee shrugged his shoulders.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" echoed young Blake.

Mr. Magee could read the other's thoughts; here was a man who deserved all of Blake's gratitude, the gratitude of his sister, and yet—Kenton had repeatedly called Mr. Magee a hobo. He had referred to Mr. Magee as a hobo before ever Blake had laid eyes on the prisoner. And, if Mr. Magee were not a hobo, why—young Mr. Blake was pretty much upset, and he had reason.

Things had been happening swiftly. He would prefer to be rid of the cause of some of these happenings. Of course, this man had acted like a real thoroughbred; he had passed up nineteen thousand dollars without a qualm. He couldn't be any common tramp; his manner proved that, but—he must be some sort of a crook. And now, unless he vanished quietly, Mr. Blake would feel that embryonic blackmail was in the wind.

He seemed much flustered, did young Mr. Blake, and Mr. Magee was sorry for him. For Mr. Magee knew the law of noblesse oblige, and knew that for him to try and make anew the acquaintance of Miss Eleanor Blake would but argue himself devoid of the finer instincts.

"Well?" said Mr. Blake embarrassedly.

"Well," sighed Mr. Magee. He rose wearily to his feet. "Guess I'll be moseying along," he said. "Enjoyed myself awfully. Lively little burg, Rockport. I'll always remember it. Morning, sir."

He moved toward the door, and young Blake felt an impulse of pity toward this vagabond who had acted is so knightly a fashion and whom, yet, Mr. Blake did not know, save as a participant in a most unsavory affair. Mr. Blake's hand moved toward his pocket, then, flushing at the action, he withdrew his hand. Mr. Magee moved nearer the door. It opened. Captain Kenton stuck his head in.

"Your sister's here, Mr. District Attorney; she's got to see you in a hurry."

"Bob!" Mr. Magee thrilled at the voice. Then he thrilled again at sight of the white, wan, anxious face that followed the voice into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eight Months to June.

JUST across the threshold she stopped, her eyes upon Mr. Magee.

"You!" she cried.

"Then I was right. Bob, do something. You must——"

"'Oh, nothing,' replied Mr. Magee. But mentally he was picturing her beneath a bower of roses ,with himself beside her, fumbling with a ring."

"It's all right, Eleanor," said her brother. "There is no charge against him."

"None," said Mr. Magee. "I'm all right; in fact, I was just going. G—good morning, Miss Blake."

She looked at him. "Going!" she asked blankly. "But—where?"

"I was a hobo when a man handed me twenty thousand dollars that should have gone to—someone else," said Mr. Magee. "I—had my fling for twenty-four hours—less! So now—back to the road for mine, I guess."

She turned to her brother. "Bob! You mustn't permit it! I—he——" She sank down into a chair, breathless. "I didn't hurry all the way down here, as soon as I learned an arrest had been made, after you, Bob, just to—to say good-bye."

She flushed painfully as she realized the meaning of her words. Hastily she went on.

"Bob, you must do something for him! There are plenty of positions—father could find one for him——"

Mr. Magee was conscious of a thumping underneath his breastbone. He hoped that the others couldn't hear it.

"Did you come down here to—help me?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she replied simply. "I was anxious; I phoned Bob at his office; they told me that he was up here; that an arrest had been made, and—Bob is awfully bright, but—I thought I could help."

"I suppose you would have told what you knew about last night?" said Mr. Magee, gently.

"Certainly," she exclaimed.

Mr. Magee looked at her. There was no need to say anything. His soul was in his eyes and she reddened.

"Are you sure it's all settled?" she asked her brother.

"Absolutely, sis. It's all over and we might as well get out of here. You look all worn out, sis. You'd better go home and get a good sleep and forget all about what's happened."

"And you will come home with us," said the girl to Mr. Magee.

Young Blake frowned; Mr. Magee caught it. "You're awfully good, Miss Blake," he said, "but—I think I'll be going."

"And I," she said, "think otherwise. No, Bob, don't wink at me! I insist."

"Why, it was something in my eye," said Blake, blushing. "I— of course, Mr. Magee, you'll come with us. I—my father—he has a big concern—there's work there for the sort of man you are."

The wish of Eleanor Blake was law; though this vagabond might later prove a blackmailer, though commonsense dictated that he be got rid of as swiftly as possible, young Blake deferred to his sister. But Mr. Magee shrugged his shoulders.

"Work? I'm afraid not; the sort of work your father could offer me wouldn't appeal to me, I'm sure. Labor in a store isn't compatible with the tramp's disposition, you know."

"But you can't be tramping forever," cried the girl. "Sooner or later you must work. And if you don't like a store—there are other things. The sort of man who laughed at those men last night"—she paled at the memory (perhaps, too, at memory of Madison)—"is not an idler, a drone. How long have you been a tramp?"

"Three months," said Mr. Magee. "And in that short time you haven't lost all ambition," she said. "What did you do before that?"

"I wrote," said Mr. Magee humbly.

"Wrote? What?"

"Books."

"An author! And a tramp. What made you?"

"My publishers," said Mr. Magee. Brother and sister stared at him. Young Blake fished the crumpled sheet from the "blotter" from his pocket. He stared at the name, "Gerald Magee," written thereon by Captain Kenton.

"Say," he cried, "You're not G. Magee? Not the chap who wrote 'Ten Days on a Cattleboat,' and"—

"Did you like the book?" queried Mr. Magee.

"Well, I should say so!"

"All right, then; I wrote it," said Mr. Magee. "But now I must"——

"And I," said Miss Eleanor Blake, with huge scorn, "thought I might be able to do something for you. I thought you were a real tramp, not an author in search of material."

"Oh, but I am a real tramp," said Mr. Magee. "I started without a nickel, and made up my mind that I'd not send for money, and——"

"But that's not a real tramp," she said.

"I'll go and be a regular one for the rest of my days, Miss Blake," promised Mr. Magee. "If——"

He paused; no, he had not been deceived; lack of sleep had not hurt his eyesight. Miss Eleanor Blake had been actually pouting at the discovery of Mr. Magee's true identity. And when a girl pouts—she certainly never could have cared much for Madison. And she'd been intending to throw him over anyway, for cause.

"Perhaps Mr. Magee had better continue his tramping," said the girl, sweetly. "We don't want him to lose valuable material, you know."

"Oh, I've plenty and to spare, thank you," said Mr. Magee. "I——"

Young Blake—brothers have time for levity in the most solemn and tragic moments—permitted himself a grin.

"A clean knock-out," he said to himself. "Ain't sis a wonder? Well," he said aloud, "let's settle the argument over breakfast. Come on!"

Silently the girl and the man followed him. They had been through tragedy together; the girl had seen the man to whom she had been engaged die before her eyes; it would be long, oh, very long, before Mr. Magee would venture to propose another engagement to her.

And yet, it seemed to him that as they passed beneath the sneering eyes of Captain Kenton, the song in his own breast was echoed in hers. For she had come to him, thinking him a tramp; rather than see him unjustly accused she had intended to risk the coupling of nasty scandal with her own name.

Mr. Magee was an author; it is the author's trade to read character. He read hers—and it matched her face and voice.

As they stepped into a motor car outside the station house, she turned to him, as her brother cranked the car.

"Tell me," she said, "what did you mean—last night—when you knew my name—without seeing me—and said it had to be me?"

"I'd seen your face," he answered. "And—if the voice hadn't been yours—I didn't want to be a——I mean—why—it sounded like the voice of a face like yours."

She stared at him. "Are all authors like you, Mr. Magee?" she queried, icily.

But Mr. Magee, following humbly after her into the tonneau, knew that she was not really so disgusted as she might have been. He sat beside her. As Bob Blake drove the car ahead Mr. Magee counted on his fingers.

"September, October, November—eight months to June," he said to himself. He turned to her. "June is a beautiful month, isn't it, Miss Blake?"

"Why—yes," she said, surprisedly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mr. Magee. But mentally he was picturing her beneath a bower of roses, with himself beside her, fumbling with a ring. Mr. Magee was an author; authors must be imaginative.

* * *

It was late afternoon; Mr. Magee had engaged for himself a bachelor apartment. He had ordered a supply of furniture from the store of Silas J. Blake; he was now on his way from the telegraph office where his bankers had sent him a couple of thousand dollars. Wrapt in day dreams—Mrs. Silas J. Blake, a garrulous old soul, finding Mr. Magee a most charming young man, had taken a violent fancy to him, and confided to him that half the reason for Miss Blake's engagement to the late district attorney had been because Madison was a political power and old Silas had further ambitions than being Mayor—wrapt in daydreams, as we have said, Mr. Magee did not notice the blue-coated man until he collided violently with him.

"Are ye drunk, man?" gasped the portly officer.

The voice was familiar; Mr. Magee recognized the policeman who had first caused to stir within his breast the desire to stay in Rockport.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Mr. Magee.

"Yes, it's me, 'tis it," said Officer Mulcahy wrathfully. "And who the divil are you, ye blind omadhaun?"

"I'm the guy that put the roll in patrolman," said Mr. Magee. As he spoke he handed to the astonished officer a little bundle of ten dollar bills. "Keep it," said Mr. Magee.

"Sure, and why?" gasped Officer Mulcahy, staring at the money.

"I like your face," said Mr. Magee, passing airily on.

Officer Mulcahy looked after him. "I dunno," he said, "but I'd be afther doin' me dooty if I ran him in fer bein' drunk. Still"—he looked again at the small roll of bills. "Sure, he's sober as a judge," said Officer Mulcahy. "He said he liked me face."

On another street Mr. Magee saw men loading packing cases onto wagons that bore the name of Silas J. Blake. Superintending the operation was the man who, but yesterday, had refused Mr. Magee work. To him Mr. Magee made his way.

"Hot work," he said pleasantly.

The boss looked at him. "It is," he said.

"I asked you for work yesterday," said Mr. Magee.

"Well, you didn't get it, did you?" queried the boss.

"That's why I'm here," said Mr. Magee. "I want to thank you; if you hadn't refused me, I might be—oh, anywhere."

"Oh, you're the guy that was goin' to get my scalp," said the foreman. He took in Mr. Magee's garb for today and contrasted it with the shabby apparel of yesterday. "Say," he asked in sudden alarm, "you ain't a spotter for the store, are you? I ain't in Dutch, am I?"

"Not with me," said Mr. Magee cheerfully. "Here!" To the foreman he passed a bill.

"What for?"

"Because I like you," answered Mr. Magee.

The foreman stared at him. "You got sense, friend," he said.

"Thank you," said Mr. Magee. He swung his stick as he strolled along. June was only eight months away. And the luck of Gerald Magee could not fail him; June would bring him Eleanor Blake.

THE END.

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Beginning Next Sunday

Sir H. Rider Haggard's

Newest Fiction Masterpiece

"She and Allan"

A Companion Story to the Same Author's World-Famous

"She" and "Allan Quatermain"

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For Afternoon Tea

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cornflake Wafers.

BEAT 2 eggs until very light. Gradually beat into the eggs 1 cup sugar, 2¾ cups cornflakes and 1 cup chopped nuts. Butter or oil small inverted tins and place 1 teaspoon of the wafer mixture in each tin. Bake 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Lift from tins carefully with a spatula.

Scotch Oat Wafers.

MIX 2½ cups ground rolled oats with ¾ cup milk, ⅛ cup molasses, 1½ tablespoons softened fat, ½ teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat thoroughly, roll out in a thin sheet, cut in squares and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Oatmeal Fruit Cookies.

CREAM 1 tablespoon fat with ½ cup sugar. Add ¼ cup corn syrup, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 well-beaten eggs, 2½ cups ground rolled oats and ½ cup chopped dates or raisins. Mix well, drop by the teaspoonful on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven. If coconut cookies are desired substitute ½ cup shredded cocoanut for the dates or raisins.

Nut Molasses Bars.

POUR ¼ cup boiling water over ¼ cup crisco and ⅛ cup oleomargarine or butterine. Add ½ cup brown sugar and ½ cup molasses. Add 3 2-3 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon cloves and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well and chill thoroughly. Turn out on a lightly floured board, pat and roll one-eighth inch thick. Cut in strips about 3 or 4 inches long by 1 inch wide. Sprinkle with finely chopped English walnut meats and grated cocoanut. Bake about 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

Cornflake Macaroons.

COOK 1 cup shredded cocoanut and 2 tablespoons corn syrup in a double boiler about 20 minutes. Add ½ cup sugar and 4 cups cornflakes. Then add the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Drop from tip of teaspoon on greased tins, shape into small rounds and bake in a slow oven until slightly stiffened.

Oatmeal Macaroons.

COMBINE 1 tablespoon melted fat with 2 tablespoons sugar and ⅓ cup corn syrup. Add 1 beaten egg and 1½ tablespoons flour mixed with ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder and 1½ cups oatmeal. Stir well and add 2 teaspoons almond extract. Drop from tip of teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Soft Cinnamon Cookies.

MIX ½ cup boiling water with 1 cup molasses and 2 tablespoons fat. Mix and sift 1 cup flour with 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon ginger, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon cloves. Combine the liquid and dry ingredients gradually and beat thoroughly. Add about 4 cups of sifted flour or enough to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Cut and bake about 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fudge Brownies.

CREAM 1 cup sugar with ½ cup butter or butter substitute. Add ¼ cup milk, 2 well-beaten eggs and 2-3 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 ounces or squares of melted chocolate (melted over hot water), mix well, add 1 cup chopped nut meats and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread about ½ inch thick in a shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes and cut in squares before it

Nut Wafers.

CREAM ¾ cup butter or butter substitute, beat in ¾ cup sugar, 1 well-beaten egg, 2 tablespoons milk and 1½ teaspoons orange extract. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup chopped nuts to sifted ingredients. Combine gradually with first mixture. Cover and let stand about an hour. Roll thin and bake in a moderate oven.

Hermits.

CREAM 1-3 cup butter or butter substitute. Gradually beat in ½ cup sugar. Add 2-3 cup chopped raisins, 1 well-beaten egg and 1 well-beaten yolk and ⅛ cup molasses. Mix and sift 1 cup wheat flour, 1 cup barley flour, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon clove. Add sifted ingredients to first mixture, baking thoroughly. Knead the dough slightly, roll into a sheet about ¼ inch thick, cut into rounds, place on a buttered or oiled baking sheet, dredge lightly with granulated sugar and bake until brown.

Chocolate Cookies.

CREAM 1-3 cup butterine, add ½ cup sugar and 1 egg and beat until creamy. Add 1 square (ounce) of chocolate, melted over hot water, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat thoroughly. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 1 ½ tablespoons milk and the sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture. Chill, roll out very thin and shape with a small sharp cutter. Dredge with finely chopped almonds and bake in a moderate oven.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes, Oatmeal, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Dried Apricots, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Coffee.	Baked Apple Stuffed with Raisins, Baked Bacon, Coffee.	Oranges, Honey, French Toast, Muffins, Jelly, Coffee.	Baked Pears, Honey, Potato Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	Baked Bananas, Sausage Balls, Boiled Rice, Muffins, Apple Jelly, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Buckwheat Griddle Cakes, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Spinach Soup, Quick Rolls, Scalloped Potatoes, Baked Apples, Tea.	Nut and Bean Loaf, White Sauce, Grape Jelly, Oatmeal Cookies, Tea.	Potato and Onion Chowder, Toast Strips, Cheese Straws, Tea.	Mixed Vegetable Salad, Steamed Rice, Boston Brown Bread, Tea.	Bean Croquettes, Creamed Cauliflower, Fruit Whip, Vegetable Consomme, Salmon Loaf, Green Peas, Creamed Potatoes, Banana, Orange and Peanut Salad, Coffee.	Cream of Lentil Soup, Croutons, Toasted Whole Wheat Muffins, Lemon Gelatine, Tea.	Chicken Fricassee, Dumplings, Winter Squash, Sugared Carrots, Cranberry Sauce, Apple Pie, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Pot Roast, Creamed Turnips, Glazed Onions, Southern Spoon Bread, Gelatine Dessert, Foamy Sauce.	Beef Hash in Rice Border, Winter Cabbage, Canned Tomato Salad, Chocolate Corn Starch Pudding.	Escalloped Codfish, Baked Onions, Corn Bread, Apple Salad, Fruit Pudding, Jelly Sauce, Coffee.	Cream of Potato Soup, Turkish Pilaf, Muffins, Spinach, Lettuce Salad, Jellied Prunes.	Swiss Steak, Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes, Cold Slaw, Brown Betty.	Hot Chicken Giblet Sandwiches, Spiced Grapes, Oatmeal Cookies, Cocoa.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A POPULAR AND BECOMING STYLE (2887). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 42-inch material.

A NEAT MODEL (3059). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material.

A SIMPLE, "EASY-TO-MAKE" APRON (3054). The pattern is cut in one size: Medium. It will require 1¼ yards of 27-inch material, without tie strings.

A STYLISH WAIST (3047). The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

A PRETTY SKIRT (2784). The pattern is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3¾ yards of 48-inch material.

A POPULAR, PRACTICAL STYLE (3041). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

A SIMPLE SCHOOL DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (3035). The pattern is cut in three sizes: **12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will** require 6⅛ yards of 27-inch material.

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Now for Hot Cakes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

I AM sure it was that incomparable American Mark Twain who said he had travelled all over Europe in search of griddle cakes! It is certainly true that all forms of griddle and "hot" cakes are distinctly an American dish. And while they have been severely criticized by some health experts there is good reason to use them more freely, especially with the advent of frosty mornings.

Are they healthful? Yes, if well prepared and baked. By this is meant that the batter is properly stirred and baked at such a temperature as will sufficiently "cook the cake through."

This means, first, attention to the kind of griddle or cooking device. The old-fashioned soapstone griddle cannot be equalled. This was not greased, and was heated on the typical range coal fire. However, this sort of griddle is not made commonly, especially for home use, and we find aluminum and iron taking its place to-day.

I am often asked which metal I prefer for baking cakes. My leaning is toward an iron rather than an aluminum surface for cakes of any kind. This, however, means a heavy grade of Russia iron, such as is found in the best frying pans, and not any cheap sheet iron, which heats too quickly and causes burning.

In using any device for cooking a hot cake the operator must remember that the pan or griddle must get "warmed through" sufficiently before any good results come. The secret of good cooking here is to get the griddle or pan sufficiently hot, but not over hot, and then keep it at just this temperature. This requires frequent adjustment of the fire, and that is why either gas or electricity is more satisfactory than a coal or wood fire for this purpose.

If my readers will only recall the man in the window of our chain restaurants who stands continually baking "hot wheats," he will see how simple and smokeless the process of making griddle cakes is. This is what so many housekeepers need to learn—to cook a hot cake without smoking up the entire kitchen. This can be accomplished by controlling the fire and by avoiding excessive greasing of the pan.

How common it is to see a woman take a spoonful of drippings, scrape it into the pan with her finger, and then let it melt in such quantity that it is noticeable in the pan. This is entirely wrong. What does the man do when he cooks cakes? Does he lay spoonfuls of fat unevenly on the griddle to smoke up the room? No, he holds in his left hand what looks like a small flatiron, which is covered with a cloth saturated with fat. Just a single brush of this greaser over the pan and it becomes sufficiently greased without extra fat.

Why does not the housekeeper adopt this device? There are on the market several kinds of "pan-greasers" with handles consisting of a lamp wick of cotton, so fastened in the handle that they can easily be renewed and cleansed. Just a touch of this greaser on the pan will be sufficient to oil it for cooking.

Then, again, how does the man pour the batter into the pan? I dislike to admit it, but it seems to me that men cook more efficiently and with less effort than women. I have never seen a woman do anything else but mix the batter in a large bread bowl, then ladle each spoonful into the pan (which may be placed quite some feet from the bowl) with a large kitchen spoon. The result is uneven, straggly cakes. But the man who makes a science of it uses a pitcher, and pours the batter into uniform, small and neat portions, just where he wants each cake to be.

Why don't women do this, instead of following the unwieldy bowl method? It is more convenient to place the flour and ingredients in the bottom of an enamel pitcher, add the liquids and mix in the pitcher—then pour out as needed. Let us copy men if they can teach us something about making housework easy!

Another fatal error is to place a batch of cooked cakes into an oven or to cover them with a bowl to keep them warm. This makes them soggy and moist, just what we do not wish. Better to lay each lot of cakes on separate hot plates and send them to the table this way than to pile many cakes on top of each other.

When I say "cakes" I mean all the tribe of small hot batter foods such as waffles, spoon bread, "scones" and regular hot cakes. I cannot mention waffles without my tongue moistening at the thought, for of all the cake tribe these appeal most to me as toothsome delicacies. Strange, but I have met persons who never ate a waffle, and many housekeepers never include waffles in their Winter menus. They think waffles difficult to make. Whereas for me, give me a good hot waffle iron, sing yo-ho-ho and a bottle of syrup, and you could not tempt me with any high-priced delicacy.

Who has eaten a chicken-waffle dinner? In one section of the country this is the "one best bet" for a Sunday dinner de luxe, and I warrant that it has steak or roast and potatoes and gravy "beaten a mile." Waffles take time to make, true, but since they really furnish a complete meal (no nourishing are they) even this time is not any greater than spent in preparing other complete meals. The iron must be very hot, but not smoking; then lay on or pour a spoonful of batter into each corner, cover with top iron and you can make the most dry, toothsome and tempting of all the hot cake family.

I do not generally give recipes, but I am going to give here my own personal "prize" waffle recipe, because I have so often tried it and know it is first class. Some day when you are tired of meat and fish and fowl and just can't think of another thing to have to eat try this on your family and see if they won't ask to have them soon again:

Mix and sift thoroughly 2½ cups white flour, 4 level teaspoons baking powder and 1 scant teaspoon salt. Separate 3 eggs, beating the yellows to a cream and the whites to a stiff froth. Add the yolks and 1½ cups of milk to the dry mixture. Then add 1½ tablespoons melted shortening and last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites. This makes about 12 large waffles.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

A boon to beauty of skin is Freeman's powder with 40 years record of sale to the most fashionable women of the land. Does not rub off. All tints at all toilet counters, and guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded. 50 cents, tax paid. Miniature sample box 4 cents, to cover cost of mailing.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 98
Cincinnati, O.

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The Use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers Is Recommended for its Wonderful Influence in Ridding Face of Skin Eruptions.

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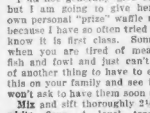
when your complexion shows that you have been using Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You are proud to be in the bright light. All those horrid disfigurements, those liver spots and blotches, the rash and redness are gone, and a more beautiful skin of fine texture has come to brighten your days. Pretty features are lost behind a repulsive skin. Get the blemish out of your skin with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They contain the great wonder, calcium sulphide, one of the most searching and effective skin purifiers known.

You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at any drug store, 50 cents a box. You will certainly be surprised and delighted with their successful action on the skin.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Pretty Teeth

Are White Teeth—Free From Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film is What Discolors

When teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Many clinical tests under able authorities have proved it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

Watch the Teeth Whiten

We ask you to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth. Cut out the coupon—now, before you forget it—and see the effects for yourself.

PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 878, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

Beauty's Foundation

By Lina Cavalieri
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

SHOW me a woman who has indigestion and I will show you a person with muddy complexion, dull or feverishly bright eyes, a coated tongue and a dull, languid manner.

None of these makes for beauty. All are signs of ill-health. Besides these outward and visible signs of ill-health, the spirits are weighted down. The girl thinks she is unhappy and sometimes frankly miserable. She manufactures causes for her misery or else exaggerates unduly the trifles that are not to her liking and makes them causes for her depression.

Moreover, besides these, indigestion causes even graver troubles. I can recall several instances of persons whose serious decline in health began with various symptoms of indigestion. It was never clear to me whether indigestion was the cause or the effect of their maladies.

How to prevent indigestion? There are many effective ways.

Much walking is extremely helpful in curing indigestion. I have often advised walking as a stimulant to the torpid functions of the body, and I consider it the best aid to health and beauty that a woman can have.

Again, let me tell you that coarse cereals are an enemy to ill-health and indigestion. Oatmeal, whole wheat, rice, all being large fibered foods, stir the stomach and intestines to activity, which is good for indigestion.

La-may Face Powder Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder, it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guaranteed pure and harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. This new kind of face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treatment of the complexion. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, saying this, every one knows we mean the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that makes enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large box, and many dealers also carry the small trial size. Be sure to try La-may. Then you will really know a perfect face powder. You will be sorry if you take a substitute. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in America. Save this notice.

Little secrets on which Good Looks depend

SO many, many women could be twice as attractive if they only knew how! Just a bit more understanding of the definite things that should be done to bring about certain specific results makes all the difference between looking dull and looking exquisite.

HOW TO PROTECT THE SKIN FROM COLD, WIND AND DUST

Every "hike," every motor trip you take, your skin pays for. The cold dries it. The wind robs it of all natural oil. The dust flies into the pores and coarsens them. Then, the next day your complexion is florid, harsh, rough—altogether unlovely!

You can protect your poor skin from this punishment. Before going out, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face, neck and hands. At once it disappears. It can never come out again in a wretched shine, for it is absolutely greaseless. Now the wind and cold cannot dry or chap your skin, the dust cannot work into the pores. Do this every time you go out. Your skin will stay soft, smooth, lovely all winter.

HOW TO FRESHEN THE COMPLEXION AND MAKE THE POWDER STAY ON

There are times when you would give all you own to look your very best. Whenever you like, it *can* be done! Before you powder, take a little bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Smooth it lightly over your face. At once the cool, fragrant cream disappears. You can feel the tenseness around eyes and mouth relax. Your skin is smoother, fresher. Now powder your face as usual. *The powder will stay on two or three times as long.* Do this always before powdering. It makes the powder look more natural. It gives your skin a new transparent loveliness, an exquisite softness that makes you look your very best. And it will never embarrass you by coming out in a wretched shine!

Keep the face smooth, unlined

HOW TO CLEANSE THE PORES AND KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For *cleansing*, your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base. Before going to bed or whenever your face has been especially exposed to dust rub some Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores of your skin and wipe it off with a soft cloth. It is amazing how much dirt comes out. You will get a new idea of how important this cold-cream cleansing is. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the highest possible cleansing power.

HOW TO KEEP THE FACE SMOOTH AND UNLINED

Once a week, massage your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. It has the exact smoothness and body required to make it work well into the skin. Always work from the center of the face outwards and upwards.

WHY YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream to-day at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Free sample tubes
Pond's Extract Co., 131-F Hudson St., New York
Please send me, free, the items checked:
A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I inclose the required amount:
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State.....

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil.

Beginning Next Sunday : : : Sir H. Rider Haggard's
Newest Fiction Masterpiece
"She and Allan"
A Companion Story to the Same Author's World-Famous *"She"* and *"Allan Quatermain"*

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FREE

This Full Size Cake of Perfect Complexion Soap

SWEETHEART SOAP, skillfully blended from purest oils, is pleasantly soothing to the most delicate skin. And because Sweetheart Soap contains BENZOIN to whiten and COLD CREAM to soften the skin, its daily use will improve the complexion safely and surely. You can prove this entirely at our expense. We will give you, absolutely free, a full size cake of

SWEETHEART
COMPLEXION SOAP

Your skin can be clear, smooth and soft; you can easily restore its natural beauty and color; you can make it fine in texture and free from unnatural blemishes if, like thousands of other women, you will use Sweetheart Soap as follows:

TRY THIS TREATMENT

Apply a generous, thick lather after bathing face and neck with hot water; work the lather completely into the pores with fingers; rub with coarse face-cloth; rinse thoroughly with hot water and then apply cold water. Do this daily and the improvement in your complexion will soon be apparent.

Don't fail to avail yourself of this generous offer. This coupon is redeemable wherever this newspaper circulates.

Sweetheart Soap meets the double demand for quality and economy. That is why it is the largest selling brand of Toilet Soap in the world. Not until you actually use it can you appreciate its goodness. We want to GIVE you a cake so that you will note the dainty perfume, appreciate the handy shape and rich, creamy lather.

We want to convince you that a better toilet soap than Sweetheart is impossible at any price.

Here is YOUR coupon. Sign it and take it to your dealer. He will be pleased to redeem it.

SWEETHEART COUPON — SWEETHEART COUPON

Present this Coupon to your grocer or dealer within 10 days and receive one full-size cake of SWEETHEART Toilet Soap *absolutely free.*

My signature below certifies that I have received one cake of Sweetheart Toilet Soap for this coupon.

Name .....

Address .....

This offer is limited to one coupon to a family. To the dealer: Tear off the top end of the carton (the part with the "S" in the diamond). This coupon (with box top attached) is redeemable at full retail selling price, providing all of above conditions have been fully complied with. ANY violation of the above conditions renders this coupon VOID. Jobbers are not permitted to redeem this coupon. Coupons must be sent direct to us for redemption.

We will not redeem Coupons cut out of newspapers mailed by Jobbers.

Manhattan Soap Co., 494 W. 30th St., N. Y. C.

Dealer's Endorsement: My signature below certifies that I gave one cake of SWEETHEART SOAP in exchange for this coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

MANHATTAN SOAP COMPANY NEW YORK CITY

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EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
STAGELAND'S FAVORITE

RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN "BOOTS"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN "BOOTS"

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Moguls? I could not do without them.

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POPULAR PARAMOUNT STAR

MOGULS are made of the most delicate Egyptian tobaccos. Exclusively refreshing and of charming flavor. They are deliciously mild, the correct size and Cork Tip.

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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World